

Otto

But I
wanted it as an evidence of the process of poetry as approach-
ing truth
with no more guise than itself Otto
is an interesting thing to say considering you
read it somewhere and you know what you read
is hardly messages of messengers who call themselves we
wrapped in a new wife's voice
transcripts of which were once twice edited by her husband
to the philosophy he made to find there — if a voice like that
one quavers
the printed page is certainly a lesser medium though the bet-
ter it's known
it may seem more like a voice Olson said himself
I mean, mind you, I hope I can keep this side of mediumism
but to free a voice
to become not your own to say God knows what
to perform before friends awake your dreaming

He thought this explained the apparent reality of the phe-
nomena
encompassing the dictation transcription and dialogue
that all those who smelt burnt chicken feathers or lavender
or roses where there were none or heard at night whistling
in the hall
the breath being blown through their lips all dreamed the
same dream
the dreamers as witnesses of number enough to ensure
against
exactly Otto what he might have called an imagination
its knowledge and learning become wise and proud
that desecrates itself intent what is imagined is what is alone
recall the servant girl he says who saw his arm in a sling
in his daydream as she passed and this is not
thought dissimilar to a story of an army passing
as a herd of stag as the old poetry has it
— now what do you make of that Otto?